

*The Historie*

*Fal.* I would twere bed time Hal, and all well.

*Prin.* Why, thou owest God a death.

*Falst.* Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day, what need I be so forward with him that cals not on mee? Well, tis no matter, honor prickes me on: yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in surgerie then? no, what is honor? a word, what is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire, a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feele it? no, doth he heare it? no, tis insensible: the yea, to the dead, but will not liue with the liuing; no, why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my nephew must not know sir Richard, The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vnder one.

It is not possible, it cannot be.

The king should keepe his word in louing vs,

He will suspect vs still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults,

Supposition, al our liues shall be stucke full of eyes,

For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,

Who neuer so tame, so cherishd and lockt vp,

Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters,

Looke how we can, or sad or meryly,

Interpretation will misquote our looks;

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherishd still the nearer death,

My nephewes trespass may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;

And an adopted name of priueledge,

A hair-braind Hotspur gouernd by a spleene,

All his offences liue vpon my head

And on his fathers. We did traine him on,

And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

*of Henrie the f*

We as the spring of all shall pay for all

Therefore good coosen, let not Harry

In any case the offer of the King.

*Ver.* Deliuier what you will, he say tis so

*Hot.* My vncl is returnd,

Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland

Vncl, what newes?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battell p

*Doug.* Defie him by the Lord of W

*Hot.* Lord Doug! as go you and tell

*Doug.* Marry and shal, and very willin

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercie in

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid

*Wor.* I tolde him gently of our greue

Of his oath breaking, which he mende

By now forswearing that he is forswor

He cals vs rebels, traitors, and will scou

With haughtie armes this hatefull name

*Doug.* Arme gentlemen, to armes, fe

Abraue defiance in king Henries teeth

And Westmerland that was ingag'd d

Which cannot chuse but bring him qu

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept forth

And nephew, challengd you to single f

*Hot.* O would the quarrellay vpon

And that no man might draw short br

But I and Harry Monmouth; tell me, t

How shewed his tasking? seemd it in c

*Ver.* No, by my soule I neuer in my

Did heare a chalenge vrgde more mod

Vnlesse a brother should a brother dar

To gentle exercise and prooue of armes.

He gaue you all the duties of a man;

Trinid vp your praises with a Princely

Spoke your deteruings like a Chronicle

Making you euer better then his prai'e.

By still dispraising praise valued with y

And which became him like a prince